

## What is Love? (A Byler Oneshot) by DartHenderson

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**Characters:** Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers, Will Byers' Snow Ball Dancing Partner

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers & Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

We all know the story of Mike Wheeler met Eleven Hopper and fell in love. But what if there was another side to that story? Will Byers is a teenager who lives in Hawkins, Indiana, and loves playing Dungeons and Dragons. He also just might be in love with Mike Wheeler.

Also available on Quotev and Wattpad (DartHenderson)

## What is Love? (A Byler Oneshot)

Will, Lucas, and Mike hung out in the basement of the Wheeler household on a rainy summer afternoon. Will had dressed himself up in wizard robes to look more like his character in dungeons and dragons, Will the Wise, in an attempt to get his friends more into the campaign as some renaissance type music played in the background. The friends, in Will's perspective, seemed to be having a good time. If you were to see the situation from Lucas and Mike's perspective, however, it would be a different story.

You could see remnants of the tight-knit group's past strewn across the basement's carpeted floor. A blanket fort lay in the corner, a reminder of the first time the group had met Eleven and she had lived with them for a few days. Drawings that had been done by Will throughout his childhood remained hung on the walls, by the sofa where Mike always did his homework, and Dungeons and Dragons pieces lay across the floor. The three boys sat in chairs at a small table, a game board before them, Will talking enthusiastically as he led his friends on the new campaign he had made. It was strange to imagine that Mike had sat in that same seat two years ago, on the night that everything had changed for their group of friends.

As the boys sat around the table the phone rang. Lucas and Mike's bored expressions rapidly turned to eager ones as they raced towards the phone.

"No! It's a distraction!" Will exclaimed in his dungeon master voice over the sound as he tried to keep the game going. He hit his wizard's staff against the floor as he continued, "A trap. Do not answer it."

Mike quickly picked it up, "El?" he inquired. His expression fell as he responded to another voice over the line, "No, sorry. Not interested." He hung up the phone and turned back toward his friends. "Telemarketers," he stated dejectedly.

"Maybe we should just call them?" Lucas suggested as Mike turned to look at him.

"We can do that?" Mike responded in a confused tone.

" I think so."

"Yeah, but what would we say?"

"We'll say nothing!" Will cut in, still using his dungeon master tone, "The Khuisar Tribe still needs your help."

Mike looked at him with a bored expression, "All right, then. I'll use my torch to set fire to the chambers, sacrificing ourselves, killing the jujus, and saving the Khuisar. We all live on as heroes in the memories of the Kalamar." he stated flatly.

"Victory," Lucas answered without enthusiasm as he high-fived Mike, without breaking eye contact with Will.

"Okay. Fine." Will started, "You guys win." he began to take off his wizard robes to reveal his clothing underneath. He then put the staff down and turned off the music. "Congratulations."

"Will, I was just messing around," Mike assured his friend. "Hey, let's finish for real. How much longer is the campaign?" he started to walk closer to his friend as he talked to him.

"Just forget it, Mike," Will answered.

"No, you want to keep playing, right?" Mike asked Lucas.

"Y-yeah, totally," Lucas reassured as he turned towards Will.

"We'll just call the girls afterward." Mike turned back to Will.

"I said forget it, Mike, okay?" Will shouted. "I'm going home." Will finished as he grabbed his backpack and started walking towards the stairs.

"But..." began Mike.

"Come on, Will." Lucas tried to stop his friend.

"Move!" he shouted at Lucas as he continued towards the stairs. Lucas sighed as Mike quickly followed his oldest friend out of the room, and soon out of the house and into the pouring rain.

Outside, Will walked towards his bike that was being kept dry in the garage of the Wheeler's home. Mike walked out the door a few moments later.

"Will, come on." He stated as he followed his friend. "You can't leave. It's raining. Listen, I said I was sorry, all right?" He spoke as Will searched for something in his backpack. "It's a cool campaign. It's really cool. We're just not in the mood right now."

"Yeah, Mike. That's the problem. You guys are never in the mood anymore. You're ruining our party." Will angrily spoke as he turned to look up at his best friend while putting his backpack on.

"That's not true!" Mike defended.

"Really? Where's Dustin right now?" Mike stayed silent as Will spoke, "See? You don't know and you don't even care. And obviously he doesn't either and I don't blame him. You're destroying everything, and for what? So you can swap spit with some stupid girl?"

"El's not stupid! It's not my fault you don't like girls!"

Will was left in a stunned silence as Mike finished speaking. A thousand thoughts flew about his brain at that moment, and he was soon thrust back into a memory.

It was the first day of kindergarten for young Will Byers. He was only five years old and knew no one in his class. He felt nervous, shy, and scared, knowing that this would be like this for the next decade of his life. He sat alone on the swings at recess, just watching the other kids play with their friends. Will had long since zoned out until he heard footsteps approaching the swing that sat empty beside his. A boy sat down in it. Also alone. His name was Mike Wheeler, and it was his first day at school as well. He too had no friends.

Mike soon turned to the boy beside him, "Hi," he spoke, "I'm Mike. What's your name?"

Will turned to look over at Mike, "I'm Will." he spoke softly, admiring the boy looking at him from his swing.

Mike then took notice of how Will wasn't playing with the kids that

surrounded them, much like he was. "Do you want to be friends?" he asked with a hopeful gleam in his eye, he really wanted Will to be his friend.

"Sure!" Will smiled. At that moment, Will Byers became best friends with Mike Wheeler. Or so he thought.

Will soon flew back to the reality he wanted to leave so bad. He stood in the garage with Mike, the rain pelting down around them. Mike seemed to realize the effect of what he had said, and he instantly seemed to regret his words. Before either of them could speak, Will rushed back into another of his memories.

It was a chilly December night. But it wasn't just any night; it was the night of the Snowball of 1984. Will stood beside his friends in the decorated gym as the song Every Breath You Take by The Police began to play. His friends had all gone together, but soon split up when the song started to go find a girl to dance with. Lucas had quickly, and awkwardly one might add, asked their newest friend Max Mayfield to dance and soon whisked her off to the dance floor. Dustin had disappeared into the crowd to use the advice Steve Harrington had given him to ask a girl to dance. Now, just Mike and Will remained.

A brunette girl in a pale dress soon approached the Byers boy. "Hey, Zombie Boy," she stated, "Do you want to dance?"

Will stood there confused and stunned for a moment. No girl had ever asked him to dance before, and if he was being honest he wasn't all that sure he wanted them to.

"Umm- I... I don't... umm....," He looked back at Mike, stammering, before looking back at the girl. "I mean.... I mean, yeah. Sure."

"Cool." The pair then walked off to the dance floor. Will placed his hands on the girl's waist as she placed hers on his shoulders. Will didn't really dance that close to the girl, which he took note of when he glanced around the dance floor. Everyone else had someone pulled up very close to them, while all Will wanted to do was push this girl away. And he had no idea why. He heard the music ringing through his ears. He still felt like he could now.

Every move you make.

The doors to the gym opened and Will looked over as he danced with the girl to see Eleven walk in. She had her hair and makeup done, and she was wearing a blue and pink dress. One would have thought she looked beautiful. Will seemed indifferent. He didn't know why.

Every bond you break.

Every step you take.

He watched Mike walk up to Eleven; The pair seemed to talk for a moment before heading onto the dancefloor with everyone else.

I'll be watching you.

Will couldn't seem to take his eyes off of Mike. He knew he should probably be talking to and looking at the girl with him but for some reason, he just couldn't. The song kept playing as the teens danced.

Every vow you break.

Will looked around at his friends near him. Lucas and Max were sharing a kiss as they danced; Will felt happy for them as he watched. Dustin was smiling and laughing as he danced with Nancy Wheeler, Mike's older sister.

Every smile you fake.

Will looked back at the girl he was dancing with. He smiled at her, but it didn't feel real. It felt like he was lying to her by smiling at her.

Every claim you stake.

I'll be watching you.

Will looked back at Mike and Eleven as they danced nearby. Mike looked so happy, and so did Eleven. Looking at them made Will just feel sick. The bigger they smiled, the sicker he felt. He thought that was weird. The boy pondered this as the song continued playing.

I dream at night

I can only see your face.

I look around but it's you I can't replace.

He continued to watch them. He continued to think about how he felt, his heart pounding in his chest.

I feel so cold and I long for your embrace.

I keep crying

Baby, Baby, please.

Then Mike and Eleven kissed. They both looked so happy, glancing at each other with pure love in their eyes. Will felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. But he also felt like crying. Will looked back at the girl he was dancing with, and she was still smiling at him, so he tried to smile back. It just felt so wrong. Then it hit him; Michael Wheeler was never his best friend. He was something more. Will wanted to stand where Eleven stood, he wanted to make Mike smile like that. Will wanted to be the one to kiss Mike. When that thought struck him he knew. William Byers was in love with Michael Wheeler; And William Byers could not do anything to change that.

Moments later, Will was pulled out of that flashback to see Mike's remorseful face staring back at him. The rain poured down outside the garage and thunder rumbled in the distance.

"I'm not trying to be a jerk, okay?" Mike spoke calmly, "But we're not kids anymore. I mean, what did you think, really? That we were never gonna get girlfriends? That we were just gonna sit in my basement all day and play games for the rest of our lives?"

"Yeah," Will answered, "I guess I did. I really did." With tears in his eyes, he turned away and got on his bike, ready to pedal back home. Before he left, he turned back to Mike, tears in his eyes, and spoke. "And it is your fault."

He sped off into the rain, much like he had on the November night two years ago that started this madness.

"Will!" Mike called from the garage, "Will! Will, come on!" The boy

was then left stunned in the pouring rain as the boy's words finally sunk in. They rang around in his head like bells, And it is your fault. And it is your fault. Then the realization struck Mike Wheeler like the lightning out in the storm that day. It was his fault.

William Byers was in love with Michael Wheeler; And Michael Wheeler had no idea what to do about it.